

Friday Feb. 24, 1967

Dear Don,

I thank you for your letters, too. I am so very glad if anything I write can be of help to you. I would ~~never~~ have written the memories without you there to want them. Had I ever written them to clarify my own thinking, they would have gone in the fire.

You are right, the writing that hit me was different. At first the pencil took over, or rather the muscles of my arm or hand. I had no more idea of what would be written than I would have of what you might say next if we were talking. My mind had no seeming connection. Gradually my mind could get it before my sight, but it was still more from my hand. This I call semi. The next step was when the words came like ticker tape, thru my mind, and I could write them on a typewriter. I still ~~do~~ seldom change anything and this has been how I have written the memories for you. I am sure you can tell the difference when I alone am writing, and when my mind seems to belong to something more universal. It built up so gradually that it no longer seems strange, but I am still in awe of it. I have no idea whether I could ever write anything worth while, ~~or not,~~ but I do know that I don't want to.

I have learned that I will have to go to the place called the "Morgue" and look thru microfilm. I asked Liz Eastman about it. It finally dawns on me that if you write about Ernest coming here I will have to face it. She promises to say nothing until your book comes out, but wants to know if Ormond Beach is mentioned. After all it won't hurt you to have some advance dem and built up in this section. I can trust Liz. So one day when we have plenty of time, Helen and I will spend the day in the morgue. We may be lucky enough to find it quickly. Knowing it was in Chatterbox and that there was a small picture, will make it easier.

I am amazed about what you say about J.F.K. Bobbie had a thing about him and kept his picture inside her closet door. Scott wouldn't let her have it in her bedroom even though they were legally separated. Bobbie also had more than the usual closeness with her father. Sidney now thinks I am Bobbie. How strange is the human mind.

I am sure you have read DosPassos last book. If not, you must. In it he refers to Ernest as Hem and Wemage. I was especially interested in the things he wrote about Kate. He calls her Katy. I can relate much easier to Dos Passos than to Anderson, Fitzgerald or Hemingway. It seems wrong to me that genius should glorify ugliness. Dos Passos can write about ugliness, but you know he doesn't like it. I prefer the Emersons, Beethovens, and yes, Kazantzakis. I like to read about good and happy things. If I ever could write, it would have to be about those things, mixed a little with the mysterious. A blank piece of paper has always seemed a challenge, just as a high spring board over a pool, But I have seldom taken the dive.

Kazantzakis has helped me a little in accepting the ugly with the beautiful, the good with the bad. He says neither should be rejected. All things must be spiritualized and they will become as one. Christ was sent to spiritualize the evil. But how did I get on this.

Enough for now,

They asked me in the P.O. one day why I was getting letters "Maurice Main". That name, to them, means the movie star.

May

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